

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES"—*Goethe*

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SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861

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ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. HENRY LESLIE'S
CHOIR.—Hullah Fund.—A CONCERT will be given on Thursday Evening, March 7th, in aid of the HULLAH FUND, on which occasion the Choir will be assisted by the following distinguished artists:—Miss Banks, Mad. Sainton-Doby, Mr. John Foster, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, Miss Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Henry Blagrove. Accompanist—Mr. J. G. Calcott. Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie. Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; area or gallery, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of E. J. Fraser, Esq., Hon. Sec. of the Hullah Fund, No. 36 Craven Street, Strand; Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210 Regent Street; Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201 Regent Street; Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; and Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48 Cheapside.

STANLEY LUCAS, Hon. Sec.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mr. HENRY BAUMER, Pro-
fessor R.A.M. and Dulwich College, RECEIVES Pianoforte Pupils at the above Hall every Thursday. Mr. Baumer's Harmony Class commences at 3 p.m. Address, 6 Hilldrop Crescent, Tufnell Park, N.; or to the College, Dulwich, S.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The First New Philharmonic
Concert this season will take place on Monday evening, March 11; the First Public Rehearsal Saturday afternoon, March 9, at half-past 2. Conductor, Dr. Wyld. Programme:—Overture—Egmont; violin concerto—Mendelssohn; Schubert's Grand Symphony in C; Weber's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat; overture, Alcestragen—Cherubini. Pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard; violin, M. Viouxtempa, his first appearance at these concerts; vocalists Mad. Lommens-Sherrington, &c.; orchestra and choir of 300 performers. Subscription for the series of Six Concerts and Five Public Rehearsals:—Sofa stalls, 2s. 2s.; balcony, first row, One Guinea and a-half; second row, One Guinea. Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside; Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; W. Graeffe Nicholls, Esq., Hon. Sec., 33 Argyll Street, W.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.
Fifth Season, 1861. President—the Right Hon. the Earl of DUDLEY. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. FIRST CONCERT, Tuesday evening, March 12, when Miss ARABELLA GODDARD will perform prelude and fugue, ALLA TARANTELLA (J. S. BACH), and ALBION, fantasia on English airs, composed expressly for Miss ARABELLA GODDARD (BENEDICT). Subscription for the series of Five Concerts and one Conversatione—Sofa stalls (double tickets), 2s. 3s.; balcony stalls, front row (double tickets), 2s. 2s. Subscribers can secure the best places at Mr. MITCHELL's, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, W. The remaining dates are Wednesdays, April 3 and 17; May 1 and 22; and June 19. The Conversatione will be given on Wednesday, May 22.

PECKHAM AMATEUR MUSICAL UNION.—Ninth
Concert, Saturday, March 2nd. Artists: Miss POOL, Miss CLARA WEST, Mr. FIELDING, Mr. J. L. HATTON and HERR GOFFRIE. Conductor, Mr. F. OSBORNE WILLIAMS. Mr. Hatton will play the "Harmonious Blacksmith," and two "Lieder ohne Worte." Herr Goffrie will play De Beriot's "Tremolo," and "Tema con variazioni." To commence at 7. Carriages at half-past nine.
HENRY HERSE, jun., Brunswick Terrace, Camberwell, President.
HORACE QUARE, Camberwell Green, Hon. Secs.
WALTER CHESMAN, Queen's Road, Peckham, Hon. Secs.

THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY, under the
direction of Mr. G. W. MARTIN.—In consequence of the great interest occasioned by the first performance of the "Messiah" by this Society, a Second Grand Performance will be given on WEDNESDAY, March 6. The Chorus, acknowledged to be the finest in the kingdom, numbers over 500 voices, being the largest ever heard in an Oratorio at Exeter Hall. Principal Singers:—Mrs. SUCHEY CHAMPTION, Madame SAINTON-DOLBY, Messrs. GEORGE PERREY and LEWIS THOMAS.

Opinions of the Press, &c., on the First Performance of Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah," at Exeter Hall, Feb. 6, 1861.

"I was perfectly delighted with the performance in every respect. I can truly say that I have never heard so effective a chorus."—*CIPRIANI POTTER.*
"The striking chorus, 'Lift up your heads,' acquired unusual boldness and spirit from the fresh voices of which this Choral Society seems to be mainly formed, while the grand 'Hallelujah!' was no less effective."—*Telegraph.*
"The oratorio afforded unequalled pleasure. The National Choral Society promises to play a conspicuous part in the advance of choral harmony."—*Times.*
"We may safely say that the choruses in 'The Messiah' have never been so splendidly executed in London."—*Sunday Times.*
"Indeed we have seldom heard a finer performance of an oratorio."—*The Press.*
"The Society is destined to prove a great success."—*Morning Star.*
"The sopranos are extremely brilliant, and the basses really magnificent."—*Morning Chronicle.*
"The 'Hallelujah' chorus was a triumph of choral skill and ability."—*Morning Advertiser.*
"The choruses were rendered with a power and a precision quite marvellous."—*Wesleyan Times.*

The Repetition Performance will take place on WEDNESDAY NEXT, 6th March at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s., 2s., 3s. each; Numbered Stalls, 5s.—Offices, 14 and 15, Exeter Hall.

THE ARION, Conductor, Mr. ALFRED GILBERT.—The
First Grand Orchestral Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Friday, March 15, at 8 o'clock. Principal vocalists—Mad. Weiss, Mad. Gilbert, Miss Susanna Cole, Mlle. Charlier, Miss Fosbrooke, Mad. Andrea, Miss E. Bodes. Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Wallworth and Mr. Weiss. Pianoforte, Miss ARABELLA GODDARD. Violin, M. VIUXTEMPA. Accompanists, Dr. Bennet Gilbert; organ, Mr. W. C. Filby; harp, Mr. Layland. Stalls, 5s.; reserved seats, 2s. 6d.; area, 1s. Tickets at the principal Musicellers, and of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, 13 Berners Street.

MISS AUGUSTA THOMSON begs to announce that she has REMOVED to 38 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MR. and MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN beg to announce, that they have REMOVED to 38 Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W., where they will continue to give lessons on the Flute, Guitar, and Concertina.

MISS HELEN HOGARTH (Teacher of Singing) begs to inform her pupils and the public that she has RETURNED to town for the season, and has removed from Weymouth Street to No. 71 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury Square.

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI begs to announce that he has REMOVED to 27 Berner's Street, Oxford Street, W.

MR. HENRY HAIGH will remain in Town for the Season, and can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Operas, Concerts, and Oratorios.—205 Euston Road, N.W.

MADAME OURY'S BRILLIANT FANTASIA on Jacobite Airs, 4s.—Madame Oury's Souvenirs d'Ecosse, 4s.—Madame Oury's "Auld Robin Gray," 4s.
Boosey & Sons, Holles Street, and Patterson & Sons, Edinburgh.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT, ACCOUNTS, and BALANCE SHEET of the Mutual Life Assurance Society for the year 1860 are this day published, and may be had by a written or personal application to the Head Office, or to any of the Society's Agents.

CHARLES INGALL, Actuary.
The Mutual Life Assurance Society,
39 King Street, Cheapside, E.C., London, 20th Feb. 1861.

IN THE PRESS,
HOWARD GLOVER'S OPERA, "RUY BLAS,"
shortly to be performed at the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden.
Boosey and Sons, Holles Street.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S NEW SOLO "ALBION,"
FANTASIA ON ENGLISH AIRS,

(By BENEDICT).
PERFORMING with the greatest success by Miss ARABELLA GODDARD at all the Concerts of the season, price 4s.
Boosey and Sons, Holles Street.

NEW CANZONET JUST PUBLISHED.
"THE RAINBOW," by Mrs. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS.
Written by the Rev. J. KEBLE. Dedicated to Miss Wood, North Cray Place, Kent. Price 2s. 6d.
London: Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201 Regent Street.

PREMIERE TARANTELE, pour Piano, par BRINLEY
RICHARDS, dédiée à M. Charles Hallé, 5s.

TO BE PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC, a new work; being
Three Essays which appeared in the MUSICAL WORLD. By JOSEPH GODDARD. Readers of the MUSICAL WORLD and the Public, wishing to encourage the publication of the above, may do so by forwarding their names to Mr. J. GODDARD, 3 St. Paul's Crescent, Camden Square, N.W. Price 5s. For further particulars, see the MUSICAL WORLD of Dec. 15th, 1860.

A PROFESSOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST in a Parish Church, where there is a fine organ, full choral service, surpliced choir, has an extensive TEACHING BUSINESS in one of the largest towns in England, wishes to DISPOSE of it either by Sale or Contract of Exchange with another Organist. The south, preferred, the illness of a member of the family being the consideration. Satisfactory reference.—Apply C. Z., Office of this Paper.

Reviews.

"*The Banner of St. George*," a national song"—words by JOHN BROUGHAM, music by M. W. BALFE (Duncan Davison).

The words and music of this song are in an equal degree spirited, healthy, and vigorous. It is appropriately inscribed to the St. George Rifle Corps. Mr. Sims Reeves himself might do worse than publicly essay it.

"*The Silver Cord*," waltz brilliant for the pianoforte"—by J. VON JOEL (Duncan Davison and Co.)

A "waltz brilliant" (what language is that supposed to be?) which begins much too familiarly to be styled original; which has a second part, in G flat, with an objectionable full cadence (page 2, line 5, bars 3, 4); and, to make amends, an episode, in A flat, brilliant, melodious, and clever, especially where the theme is given as an inner part for the left hand, while a graceful florid passage is allotted to the right.

"*Switzerland*," vocal duet"—by Mrs. HENRY AMES (Ashdown and Parry)—is an unpretending trifle, but very pretty, and neatly written.

"*Valse de Salon*," for the pianoforte"—by BLANCHE LIDEL (Ashdown and Parry), though occasionally a little in the manner of Weber, would be wholly blameless but for one objectionable progression (page 5, line 3, bars 4, 5), where the 6, 4 on E flat is unceremoniously quitted for the common chord of F minor. This is easily corrected, however; and the thing is worthy of correction, the leading themes being tuneful, and well contrasted with a plaintive and charming episode in the relative minor.

"*The Sun's Last Smile is Beaming*," song"—words by JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D., music by CHARLES OBERTHUR, Op. 165 (Ashdown and Parry).

If Herr Oberthur would alter the harmony in the fourth bar of the first line, where the chord of the dominant flat seventh, on B flat, is abruptly succeeded by that of the sixth (sharp), fourth, and third, on A flat, we should have nothing but praise for his very elegant and musician-like song, which (though decidedly *Spokhrish* in feeling), is as well accompanied as it is melodious and expressive. Herr Oberthur invariably writes *musically*, and will therefore doubtless take our suggestion in good part.

"*The Poet's Bridal Gift* ('Dichter's Brautgabe')"—words by HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN, music by BERNHARD ALTAUS (Ewer and Co.).

This song is not without character, in spite of its commencing with a (hardly improved) version of a familiar Russian tune. The harmony of the accompaniment is "*choisie*," and the form unhacknied. The words (in German and English) are also good, though here and there, as in the following,

"Every calix yet may hold
Nought for thee but sweetness,"

somewhat affected.

"*Drowsy Polka*," for pianoforte and voice"—words by ALBERT RUSSELL, music by ERNEST BEYER (Ewer and Co.).

The peculiarity of this polka is that it is not all drowsy, but, on the contrary, extremely lively. The motto, therefore—

"Oh! I am so drowsy!
Oh! I'm so done up!"

is altogether out of place. Perhaps, however, Herren Russell

(Albert) and Peyer (Ernest) mean that the charm of their polka is so irresistible that even somnambulists will dance to it. *Tant mieux!* The polka is so utterly undrowsical that too much can hardly be said of its liveliness. *Vive la Polka!—la "Drowsy Polka!"*

"*Tendresse*," *morceau mélodieux, pour piano*—J. A. FACHER, Op. 53 (Ewer and Co.).

Mr. Mantalini (being musically given)—had Mad. Mantalini (being musically given) performed, for his delight and edification, this very simple and sentimental piece (Miss Knaggs, Miss Nickleby, and Mr. Ralph Nickleby being present)—would have entitled it his "*its popolorum tibi*." "*Tendresse*" is just the sort of thing to please simple and sentimental young ladies. It is simple as a hammer, and sentimental as a coffee-cup. Mrs. Nickleby would have remembered to have heard—no, to have seen—no, to have heard, something very like—no, something very unlike it—by a pianist—no, by a player on the concertina—no, by a pianist, at Rosherville Gardens; or, if not at Rosherville, somewhere else; for, as she had often said to her dear departed husband, she *never* could make up her mind whether she had ever seen Rosherville or not, or whether she did not mix it up, in some way or other, with Covent Garden market, or the Temple.

"*Polka Mazurka*," *pour piano*—ANTON RUBINSTEIN (Ewer and Co.)—was reviewed last year, and some specimens of its peculiarities set forth for the advantage of our readers in music type. We have only to repeat that it is dedicated to Madame la Princesse Sophie de Nassau—who, as we remarked at the time, must have ears-patent to apprehend it.

"*L'Oisillon*," *morceau caractéristique, pour le piano*—LOUIS SPINDLER, Op. 76 (Ewer and Co.)—is sparkling enough and if without pretension equally without fault. Short and sweet and "chirping" moreover, while a little more difficult to execute, it is also more refined than the late Signor Panormo's "*Bird-waltz*," which, were it not already forgotten, would have been speedily cast into oblivion by Herr Spindler's superior and "characteristic"—er (if not much more original) effort.

"*Courting Days*,"—words by L. M. THORNTON, music by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY (Hale and Son, Cheltenham)—is a remarkably engaging ballad. Both words and music are pretty. In short, the author of "*The Postman's Knock*," and the composer of "*Mary Blane*," have both written "up to the mark," and not for the first time by many, done themselves real credit.

"*The Trefoil Leaf*,"—words by B. H., music by CLARABEL (Hale and Son, Cheltenham); "*Music breathes in Everything*,"—words (from *Harebell Chimes*) by A. J. SYMINGTON, music by JESSIE M. THOMSON (Duncan Davison and Co.). Both of these are nice songs, the first simple and unaffected, the last extremely graceful.

"*La Petite Rivière*," *caprice élégant*; "*La Gracieuse*," *Mazurka brillante*; "*Souvenir de Madère*," *nocturne*—for the pianoforte—by J. TOMLINS JONES (Ashdown and Parry.)

There is little to say, one way or the other, about these trifles, beyond the fact that they are wholly unoffending. The *nocturne* has some graceful passages, and is perhaps the best of the three.

"*Love's young Dream*," fantasia for the pianoforte,—by G. A. OSBORNE (Ashdown and Parry).

Mr. Osborne has treated the charming melody which he

has taken for a theme with parental tenderness, adorning it with many graces and "floriture," which it wears becomingly. The fact is that "Love's young Dream" is a young and pretty maid, who would look well in any dress, but who looks quite provoking when attired by the hands of a cunning milliner like Mr. Osborne.

"*Ave Maria*, prayer"—by CARL WEYNER (Robert Cooks & Co.)

A smooth, correct, and effective piece of vocal harmony for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, with pianoforte accompaniment.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

- AYLWARD (Sallsbury).
 RICHARDSON (J. E.) "A Collection of Sanctuses, Kyries, and Doxologies."
 AUGENER AND CO.
 HARTOG (HENRI) "Premier morceau de Salon."
 " " "Second—ditto—(Pianoforte)."
 ASHDOWN AND PARRY.
 SELLE (W. C.) *Marche Triomphale* (Pianoforte).
 ALLEN (G. B.) "Twas in the pleasant month of June."
 HARVEY (R. T.) "The old love dieth not."
 METCALFE (W.) "Three Songs."
 CRAMER AND CO.
 ANDREWS (MRS. J. HOLMAN) "The Rainbow."
 ROBERT COCKS AND CO.
 RICHARDS (BRINLEY) "Première Tarentelle" (Pianoforte).
 DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.
 MAUSS (T.) "Tyrolean Mountain Song" (for Pianoforte).
 OETZMANN AND CO.
 BADARZEWSKA (T.) "La Prière exaucée" (Pianoforte).
 RANSFORD AND SON.
 BAILLOT (R.) "Trois Romances sans Paroles" (Pianoforte).
 MAUSS (T.) "Points du Rhin" (Pianoforte).

VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HERR CARL TAUSIG came here in January, most firmly resolved to bring back the Viennese to a more favourable opinion of the compositions of his master, Franz Liszt. Flying notices have appeared as the *prolegomena*, which usually precede an historical event. L. A. Zöllner's *Blatt für Theater, Musik und Kunst*, of the 8th January, for instance, says:—

"The pianist, C. Tausig, is about to give, in the rooms of the Musical Union, four orchestral concerts, the first of which will take place on the 20th inst. Herr C. Tausin will play a new pianoforte concerto by Liszt, and conduct the *Ideale* and the *Festklänge*. That this entertainment will attract the curious in crowds, is beyond a doubt."

The *Recensionen* of the 13th January writes as follows:—

"Liszt is great, and Tausig is his prophet. Allah cannot come himself, so he sends his Mahomet, in order to bless the Viennese with a long series of *Sinfonische Dichtungen*. Herr Tausig will give, in the rooms of the Musical Union, three concerts, in which only works by Liszt for the orchestra and piano will be played. However decidedly we should oppose performances of this description by our regular musical societies, we are quite delighted that the genial pianoforte-virtuoso, Liszt, should condescend to bear the very large expenses of such concerts himself, in order to place the Viennese in a position to hear and test his music, and then to pronounce an impartial judgment on it."

On the 20th January the same paper says: "We have received the following letter from Herr Tausig:—

"In the last number of your paper there is, in a notice concerning my orchestral-concerts, the following passage:—'We are greatly delighted that the genial pianoforte-virtuoso, Liszt, should condescend to bear the very large expenses of such concerts himself.' I am compelled, by the utter untruth of this passage, to correct it. Apart from the fact that Dr. Franz Liszt has in no way, directly or indirectly, anything to do, in a non-artistic sense, with the concert speculations of his adherents, however intimately connected with him, I must emphatically state that I consider it a material point of my artistic honour to devote my own means to the performance of the works of that master whom I especially admire and respect. Begging you will insert this correction in the next number of your paper, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

"C. TAUSIG."

"It will be easily understood," pursues the *Recensionen*, "that we could not suppose any one but the Grand Master of the Future himself would and could make the material sacrifices requisite for carrying out the speculation in question. We receive, however, the above correction with the more pleasure, as by the devoted contribution of this Squire of the Future, the polyphonic crusade receives a still more heroic stamp than before." The correspondent of the *Breslauer Zeitung* of the 27th January observes:—

"We perceive in Liszt's compositions an effort to join the Music of the Future; Liszt, however, with his aristocratic nature, is too much connected with the Past; he follows, almost immediately, Beethoven, and nothing that lies between, German, Italian, or French music, appears to touch his compositions. He 'can no longer plunge into the blending stream of the new time.' His pupil, Tausig, exhibits the same serious, powerful, and technically strict style as his master—a style which leaves the *drawing-room* artists of the present day, such as Bülow and Clara Schumann (!) far behind."

The young violinist, S. Bachrich, gave a concert lately, and produced a favourable impression. His playing is distinguished by remarkable purity of intonation, good "bowing," and a certain agreeable pertness. It is, however, deficient in deep feeling, and in rapid passages wants force. The selection of one of S. Bach's sonatas, with pianoforte—that in E major—was exceedingly praiseworthy in an artistic point of view. We have had a new violin-concerto by Rubinstein, who seems rather averse to bestowing anything like finish on his compositions. The concerto appears to be just what it was when its author first conceived it; a great deal must be done to it before it can be pronounced really fit for publication. The finale, for instance, is far too short, and altogether deficient in any well-worked-out independent idea.

In the *feuilleton* of the *Vienna Presse*, of the 12th ult., under the heading "Da Ponte, the author of the book of *Don Juan*," we are informed that the memoirs of this writer, which are carried down to the period of his leaving London to settle in New York (1803), were discovered, written in Italian, in the spring of 1859, among a number of old books exposed for sale in New York, and that they have appeared in a French translation by M. Chavanne. It happens, however, that the *Memorie di Lorenzo da Ponte da Cenede scritte da esso* appeared, more than forty years ago, in two small volumes at New York, and that the *Seconda Edizione, corretta, ampliata, ed accresciuta d'un intero volume, e di alcune Note*, were published, at the same place, in three small volumes, in the year 1829-30, by the firm of John H. Turney. The *Leipsic Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* (No. 40, 1842), gave a long satire of the book, and in the year 1847 a mediocre translation of the second edition was produced at Stuttgart. M. Chavanne has consequently conferred no particular favour on anyone by translating into French the manuscript of the first volume, which was discovered in the manner above related, while, by endeavouring to palm this fragment off upon the world as a new and remarkable discovery, he only affords a fresh proof of the ignorance of French literary men. We may remark, by the way, that Da Ponte died on the 17th August, 1838, and that consequently (since he was born on the 10th March, 1749), he was in his 90th, and not, as is asserted by the writer in the *Presse*, in his 97th year.

Feb. 25, 1861.

Rubinstein's long looked for opera *Die Kinder der Haide* was given for the first time last night, at the Kärntnerthor Theatre, and attracted, as may be supposed, a crowded audience. No opera of late years has excited so much curiosity—none had so much care and attention bestowed upon its production. It has been in rehearsal for the last four months, and every resource of the opera house was made available for its perfect representation. Rubinstein is immensely popular with the Viennese public, by whom his first dramatic work was looked forward to with great interest, increased by the long announcement, and all that has been said and written about it by those who had had an opportunity of hearing portions of the music.

Has it had success? Certainly, if the enthusiasm of the audience last night is any criterion; but it is a question whether that enthusiasm was not attributable to the wonderful display of talent on the part of Madame Csillag, who sustained the principal character rather than to the intrinsic merit of the music. The lady was

recalled no less than eighteen times, and her singing and acting are spoken of in all the daily papers as being beyond all praise, while the opera itself is scarcely mentioned. Herr Ander, as the substitute of Herr Wachtel, for whom the tenor part was originally intended, exerted himself most strenuously, as also did Mlle. Kraus and Herr Meyerhofer.

The music, to judge from the first performance, is somewhat monotonous, and not remarkable for originality. The finales to the 1st and 2nd acts, and a bridesmaid's chorus, made a favourable impression, and were much applauded.

A detailed account of the whole work shall be sent next week. Suffice it for the present to record that the opera has been given, and met with the approbation of the public.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

CHAPTER IX.

THE time arrived for the evening's performance. Morrison's Hotel for the previous hour had been alive with notes of preparation. They were to be heard in every part of the house. Lucrezia (in whom, I suppose, nobody who took the trouble to think about it while reading the last chapter failed to recognise la Diva Grisi) trying her voice—Adelgiza practising some of the most troublesome passages in the Norma duets—Gennaro (who was to appear as Pollio on the occasion) running over a cadenza or two—Oroveso growling like distant thunder, had brought all the domestics of the establishment on to the landings to listen to them, and caused considerable annoyance to a party of bachelors at dinner. At length the carriages were ordered. Gennaro, always the last, but never too late, made Lucrezia cross by keeping her waiting at least half an hour; messages innumerable had been sent to him without avail; as usual, he took his time, and was not to be hurried. At last he came, watch in hand, calculating, with provoking accuracy, that it would take so many minutes to reach the theatre, ten more to dress, and then there would be exactly two to spare. The Diva, having a more elaborate toilette to make, became alarmed at the probable consequences of the delay. They got to the theatre. There the doors had just been thrown open, and crowds were rushing in to the galleries and pit, much to the satisfaction of the manager, who, as is his wont, walked up and down behind the curtain, listening to the grateful sound of the house filling. Pleasant noise of delightful confusion,—every footfall money, every voice a shilling. He was thoughtful; now and then a placid smile suffused his countenance, and he would stretch out his hands as if to grasp some imaginary object, doubtless the coin, his share of the Italian Operas. But difficulties had to be overcome before the announcement of the evening could be fulfilled.

A box containing costumes was missing—had been left behind at Holyhead or Kingstown—no matter where, it was not now to be found when wanted. Here was a dilemma little dreamt of by the crowds which thronged the theatre, and noisily clamoured for their amusement to begin. What was to be done? How could Oroveso appear without his robes, or Flavio minus tights? The costurmer approached the musing manager, and with tears in his eyes related the disaster which threatened the success of the opera engagement at its very outset.

A general search was made through the wardrobe, and substitutes for the missing dresses eventually discovered, which, although perhaps not quite orthodox, were still sufficiently correct to be made available. This obstacle having been surmounted, a speech had to be made for the basso, whose hoarseness had not altogether disappeared since the morning. Without the speech he obstinately refused to sing, and there was no alternative. The time of commencement had long since past, owing to the delay caused by the dresses. The audience had become uproarious. It was no easy matter to claim their indulgence under such circumstances. A speaker, however, was found bold enough to face them, and who having received his instructions, proceeded to fulfil the ungrateful task.

His appearance before the curtain excited the suspicions of a disappointment, and the reception he met with was anything but flattering. Taking advantage of a short lull in the expressions of dissatisfaction with which he had been greeted, he began his speech

in the most ill-chosen phrase of "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am sorry to inform you—" yells of indignation followed this announcement, and drowned the voice of the unfortunate spokesman. In spite of the most suppliant appeals to their feelings in dumb show, the audience would not be informed, no matter how sorry the speaker might be. After a while the storm abated, and a hearing was obtained. When it became known that the apology was only for the basso profundo, and not, as had been supposed, for the favourite tenor, order was restored, and the opera at last began. The old favourites were received enthusiastically; the audience soon forgot how long they had been kept waiting, and expressed their delight as loudly as they had but a short time before given vent to their displeasure. The first act over, and they were on the best possible terms with themselves and with the artistes, whose turn it now was to listen to the singing by which, to the surprise of all foreigners, the *habitués* of the galleries of the Theatre Royal wile away the time during the entr'actes. In no other country does a public make itself so completely at home in a theatre as in Ireland. There is no restraint. They sing, they converse, and their witty remarks, when not too personal, are amusing enough. Sometimes a head-dress or a pair of gloves of a remarkable colour, in the boxes, will attract their attention, and the wearer be forthwith honoured with "three cheers." A white hat is an especial object of dislike, and vain is the hope of the owner that it will pass unnoticed; wherever he may hide it, concealment is impossible, it's sure to be discovered and hooted when there's nothing better to do. Occasionally a gallery tenor will give an imitation of some popular singer. On the night in question he sang "Ah che la morte," and was for a short time listened to attentively; but the love of fun was too strong, and hints, such as "Mario's looking at yer," "Don't forget the finish," convulsed the house with laughter, and completely upset the ambitious effort of the imitator. Mr. Levey, the talented leader of the band, is familiarly addressed as Lavey, and affectionate inquiries are made nightly after his numerous progeny. When Verdi's *Macbeth* was given for the first time in Dublin, a few months since, the long symphony preceding the sleep walking scene did not altogether please the galleries. The theatre was darkened, everything looked gloomy and mysterious, the music being to match. The curtain rose, and the nurse and doctor discovered, as usual, seated at the door of Lady Macbeth's chamber. Viardot's appearance was awaited in the most profound silence, when a voice from the gallery cried out, "Arrah, hurry now, Mr. Lavey! tell us, is it a boy or a girl?" an inquiry which nearly destroyed the effect of the whole scene by the commotion it caused. But while talking of the Gods and their doings, I forget our tourists, who by this must have finished the opera and gone back to the hotel to supper. The carriage, of course, has been surrounded by a crowd of musical fanatics, anxious to get a peep at the prima donna as she left the theatre. How they used to struggle and fight for a good look into the carriage! Some would scramble on to the roof, others mount the wheels at the risk of broken legs. Sometimes the horses were detached and their places usurped by a string of enthusiasts. One little lady, to whom this compliment was paid, reminded me forcibly, as she sat in the carriage, of that picture which represents a goddess seated in a chariot drawn by a flock of geese. Everyone to his choice of the means of showing admiration.

The artistes at supper were joined by the Frenchman, who indulged them with an interesting account of his voyage from Holyhead,—how ill he had been,—a most agreeable accompaniment to the soup and macaroni. They did not seem to object to the narrative, but were listening attentively, when Lucrezia suddenly rose from her chair. "Dio mio!" she exclaimed, "siamo tredici!" Now if there be any prejudice among the Italians stronger than another, it is that against the supposed ill-fated No. 13. They tell marvellous stories in support of their belief in its evil influence. How people die from sitting down 13 to table, how railway accidents are encouraged by a party of 13 travelling in the same train, how you're sure to be smothered alive by sleeping in room No. 13, and how if you read a story like this, for instance, of No. 13, something is sure to happen to you, but whether pleasant or disagreeable is not known. I should like to see a certain Italian of my acquaintance take up this number of the MUSICAL WORLD. It would fall from his grasp like a hot coal; he would turn pale, and all the charms

and horns within reach would be brought into requisition to avert the consequences of the contamination.

On the occasion in question, misfortune was supposed to be imminent. All present expressed alarm, except the Frenchman, who was henceforth looked upon as a heretic, because he continued to eat his supper, regardless of what might happen. He was, in fact, the cause of the discomfort; whether wittingly or not, he had augmented the original healthy number of the party, 12, to its present ominous quantity. Relief, however, came before the spell had time to work. Wonderful interposition! Signor Fortini walked into the room, much to the consolation of Lucrezia and the rest, who then resumed their seats, and finished a hearty supper.

ANTEATER.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THIS Society, though only in the third year of its existence, may be fairly admitted to represent the musical community of the metropolis and, to some extent, indeed, that of the country at large, many of the most influential professors resident in the provinces belonging to its ranks. The report communicated by the hon. secretary, Mr. Charles Salaman, at a recent general meeting, and now printed for circulation, informs its readers that "since the termination of last season nearly 400 new associates and nominated annual subscribers have been received into the society," which, allowing for secessions during the previous year, brings the list of members to considerably above 1,600. The objects professed by the Musical Society of London have been more than once explained, and the suggestion contained in the report, that "its reputation is by this time firmly established and the importance of its aim appreciated," is only a reasonable conclusion, drawn from the increasing anxiety manifested by the public, as well as by the profession, to take an active part in its proceedings. The mixture of the amateur and professional elements in the organisation of the society, establishes a degree of confidence which it would be otherwise difficult to obtain. It averts in the council the practicability of "jobbing," and the advancement of "cliqueism." Musicians—whether deservedly or the contrary is beside the question here—"enjoy the repute of being jealous, egotistical, and quarrelsome, no less than sensitive and enthusiastic; and if the controlling board consisted exclusively of professional men very little belief would attach to the wisdom of its policy, or the unswerving integrity of its management. Happily, as this board is made up of twelve musicians and six amateurs, the minority—among whom are three eminent members of the bar—act as a wholesome check on the majority, bringing unprejudiced argument to weigh against the "idola" so rarely separable from the musical mind, and tempering enthusiasm with a certain amount of common sense. Thus matters go on smoothly enough; and in case of any short-comings the general body of members have the remedy in their own hands.

The grand concerts held in St. James's Hall, which are a conspicuous feature in the arrangements of the society, may fairly take rank among the most remarkable musical entertainments ever presented in this country. As if the orchestra under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction—which in 1859 and 1860 became the theme of universal praise—was not sufficiently good, its numbers have been increased by the addition of 14 to the "strings"—(eight violins, two violas, two violoncellos, and two double basses). Its strength is now colossal, and there is no exaggeration in asserting that it is the finest body of instrumental performers ever brought together in London. The magnificent overture to *Ruy Blas*, with which the first concert began on Wednesday night, declared the efficiency of the band in a triumphant manner. A nobler piece of execution was never listened to, and it was impossible for Mr. Mellon to resist the unanimous demand of the audience for a repetition. This was in some respect unfortunate, the selection being unusually long, as may be seen by the subjoined:—

PART I.

Overture, <i>Ruy Blas</i>	Mendelssohn
Scena, <i>Euryanthe</i>	Weber
Concerto in D, Op. 61 (violin)	Beethoven
Cantata, "A non sai qual pena sia"	Mozart
Overture, <i>The Tempest</i>	Benedict

PART II.

Symphony in D minor (No. 2), Op. 49	Spohr
Duo, "Come frenare" (<i>La Gazza Ladra</i>)	Rossini
Overture, <i>Le Philre</i>	Auber

M. Vieuxtemps played the violin concerto of Beethoven—which in largeness of design and elaboration of detail (like his pianoforte concertos in G and E flat) is on a par with his orchestral symphonies—superbly, and was accompanied by the band with a precision and delicacy almost unparalleled. His "cadenzas" were both ingenious and admirable, the first (in the opening *allegro*) being a prodigy of mechanical achievement. The second was appropriately brief, and in strict keeping with the style of the *rondo*—one of Beethoven's most fresh and charming "pastorals," which mere "fiddlers" are apt to render slightly vulgar, but which, in the hands of a master like the accomplished Belgian violinist, retains its natural grace while losing none of its buoyancy and vigour. On no occasion has M. Vieuxtemps experienced a more flattering acknowledgement of his artistic worth. When he had left the platform, at the end of the concerto, he was recalled and literally "overwhelmed" with applause. The honour was legitimately earned. Another surprisingly good performance on the part of the orchestra was that of Mr. Benedict's overture to Shakspeare's *Tempest*, introduced in accordance with an excellent rule of the society—to give at every concert one work of more or less pretensions from the pen of a resident musician, foreign or native. A better choice could not easily have been made than this brilliant and picturesque dramatic prelude, a work as full of poetical fancy as of novel and interesting combinations. Its success was complete. With Spohr's fine symphony (written for our Philharmonic Society about 40 years since, during the composer's first visit to England) we were less entirely satisfied. The *scherzo* and *finale* were given to perfection; but the slow movement wanted delicacy, and the first *allegro* would have been all the better for another careful rehearsal. For comparatively unfamiliar pieces of great difficulty, like this symphony, one rehearsal is not enough; and if the Musical Society of London cannot obtain efficient preparation in every instance, it should confine its programmes exclusively to well-known works. Besides, the society owes some of its laurels to Spohr's 4th symphony (the *Wiehe der Töne*), and should have treated the composer with all the greater deference on that account. The delicious overture to Auber's delicious pastoral opera, on the other hand, left nothing to wish. The execution was altogether irreproachable.

The vocal pieces were unexceptionable in themselves, but too uniformly long. Mr. Weiss gave the thoroughly dramatic and thoroughly Weberian bass *scena* from *Euryanthe* splendidly, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington the beautiful *cantata* of Mozart with such intelligence, feeling, and expression that no one complained of its being transposed, for her convenience, a third lower than the original key, although it might have placed a less skilled and ready orchestra in somewhat of a dilemma. The duet for the Ninetta and Ferdinando from *La Gazza Ladra* was less suited to the singers and to the prevalent character of the selection.

Had the concert been half an hour shorter it would have been all the more enjoyable; but, under any circumstances, it was an entertainment of the very highest class. A brilliant audience completely thronged St. James's Hall.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—On Thursday evening this society held its first *conversazione* for the season at the rooms of the Architectural Photographic Association, in Conduit Street, when there was a numerous assemblage of members and their friends, completely filling both the large gallery and the west gallery. Mr. H. Otley commenced the proceedings by reading a paper in reference to the application of photography in illustrating works of architecture. Architectural structures, next after elevation and distribution of their parts, depended mainly for their beauty upon light and shade, under the influence of the sun, effects which by the sun were most successfully reproduced in photography. He also referred to the late catastrophe at Chichester Cathedral, and drew some parallels between the spire of the latter and that of Salisbury. A musical entertainment followed, conducted by Mr. Alfred Gilbert. The programme included Mac Farren's Trio, the "Troubadour," given with admi-

able spirit by Mad. Gilbert, Mad. Andrea, and Mr. Layland; "Robert toi que j'aime," and the "Light of other days," by Mad. Gilbert, who was warmly applauded, particularly in the latter; A Venetian Canzonette, by Cardigiani; Louis's Ballad, "Oh if I had some one to love me," both charmingly rendered by Mad. Leonte; Hatton's ballad, "The Blacksmith's Son," by Miss Boden; Song, "Oh how I shall triumph o'er ye" (Mozart), by Mr. Lawler, who was encored; "Sweet, sweet, those hours" (A. Gilbert), a pretty song, very neatly executed by Mr. Layland; "Il Portiglione" (Balle), given with true buffo spirit by Mr. Penna. The entertainment, which did not terminate till half-past eleven o'clock, afforded complete satisfaction to all present, and most satisfactorily inaugurated the third season of this useful and rising society.

THE LIFE OF HANDEL.

By FRIEDRICH CHRYSANDER. Leipzig, Breitkopf and Härtel.*

The Second Volume of Chrysander's book on Handel has recently appeared. The first was contemporaneous with the publication of the Leipzig Society's edition of Handel's Collected Works, and thus the foundations were simultaneously laid for two monuments in honour of the master, who had become a stranger in his native land; monuments which will not only hand down his memory to the remotest ages, but also, by their intellectual influence, be of indisputable importance for our own further progress in art. Both enterprises, Handel's Works and Chrysander's Biography, proceed hand in hand towards the same result, namely, to render the life and acts of one of our great masters, in all their truthfulness, the common good. Of his compositions only a few were really known, while some few more were known only by tradition to the larger portion of the public, so that merely indistinct notions of his all-comprehensive musical labours were floating about among the people. Just as, in the case of Bach, until about twenty or thirty years ago, we were contented with the limited side of his art, that is to say, his eminent technical excellence, and did not until very lately begin to penetrate to his really intellectual qualities; we shall, in a short time, change our inadequate notions of Handel's art for others more correct and complete, and, in the place of the few anecdotal narratives from which the large mass of the public derived their ideas of his life and disposition, without attaining a truthful and definite picture of his character, we shall now acquire, thanks to Chrysander's work, a knowledge of the complete and and mighty course of development pursued by the mind of one who was as elevated in morals as he was in art.

Both undertakings have come at the right time. It is an indisputable fact that the musical art of the present day possesses in itself, as a counterpoise to that extravagance and pretension of mere technicality, of which it is generally the victim, a profound impulse to maintain what is true, and to return to what is primary. The attraction towards direct knowledge—a feeling that takes us back to those sources whence the art of our forefathers flowed in never turbid clearness—appears, indeed, to be a firm basis for vigorous progress. Since the art of our own time does not appear to go further than the Past in achieving a result that may serve as a standard, and does not, moreover, possess in itself the productive power for the purpose, there is nothing better left for it to do than, by popularising the perfect works of certain definite periods, to lay down among the people the foundations for future structures. That is the great end which our editions of the works of Handel and Bach have to fulfil. Even at present, people have not as yet come to a clear understanding concerning the relative position of genius to morality, and of the artist to life; here it is that art-history enters on her rights, for it furnishes the proof that true genius is not conceivable without human worth; while, by means of the latter, it has come forth victorious from every struggle. Our first wish in contemplating the work under consideration is that Bach and all our greatest masters may find such historians as Handel has found in Chrysander, or that the latter himself may be their historian.

The endeavour, by means of old art generally, to prepare a secure foundation for our vigorous development must not be mis-

understood as a wish to return to antiquated forms and notions. As far as Handel is concerned, such a thing is entirely out of the question; though, as a matter of course, certain works of his sprang up under the momentary influence of his age, it might very easily happen that, on examining our productions now-a-days, the questions: What of ours had not originated under the same circumstances as the perishable portions of Bach and Handel's works, while, on the other hand, what had risen to such a height of ideality as their great works? would remain unanswered, if we were not sincere enough to own the true state of the case. We hope that our increasing appreciation of the past and of its great masters will speedily put an end to the complacent theory of the "surmounted point of view," and its two obstetric aids, leaven-storming egotism and unthinking delight in its equal by birth, fashionable feebleness. No one, without rendering himself altogether ridiculous, can any longer give utterance to such opinions as those which recently appeared in a musical paper on Handel's *Israel in Egypt*.

There is now evident throughout Germany a great amount of zeal for the restoration of old masterpieces, not in the isolated cases of collectors and historians, but combined with the wish to place these treasures within the reach of the large mass of the public. Even in our own time the spirit of indefatigable progress towards something higher does not rest a single moment, although we may not be able to perceive its workings in violent revolutionary attempts, but rather in the effort to obtain a correct view of our progress. The task of making the riches bequeathed to us by our great forefathers in art the common intellectual property of all, secures, if it be rightly performed, an honourable position even for our own age. At all events, if the highest ideas of our particular epoch have become the free property of its posterity, and thus placed an entire nation in a higher position and rendered them capable of receiving what is new to them, fresh and more extensive views are opened up in the domain of the mind, until these views are themselves realised in the endless process of intellectual development, and become the foundation for further efforts.

As yet, however, we have absorbed and rightly worked out hardly a tenth part of what art offers us; for this reason, putting all other considerations aside, the revivification of Bach and Handel, on the extensive scale on which it is now practised, is of undoubted importance for us. The notions of church music and oratorios have, at present, disappeared, as much as it is possible, from among us. Consequently we require for both of them complete models, more defined in their forms and ideas—models, such as Bach, Handel, and the older masters have bequeathed us—if these kinds of composition are not to give up their ideal empires and sink down into a mere semblance of life in consequence of a combination of subjects and means of expression negating each other. Church music, which finds its idea in man's relative position to the highest intellectual ideas, must fall a prey to a mere over-sensual poetastering of the feelings as little as to the non-independent playing of the understanding with pure form. In our own age—which we cannot deny possesses an impulse to render clearer the views of religion, obscured by forms, although for the moment it has not got beyond a dim humanism—church-music, when it has not altogether descended to a mere concert style, has been subjected to mere sentimental ecstasy quite as often as to abstract intellectual formalism. In the works of old church-music, up to its highest exponents, Bach and Handel, the matter and the expression constitute indivisible unity, while the form of expression, although determined by the circumstances of the age, is always natural, and springs from the subject. On this account, the study of the old masters is the best invigorating means for the benefit of our own religious art, but only if we endeavour to discover, and, in conformity with the present view taken of things, to render evident in our works the inward relations between outward appearance and the living idea contained in it, and not content ourselves with the mere contemplation and imitation of outward form and peculiarities.

We are no better off, now-a-days, with oratorios, whenever they happen to come across them. Our present music, based entirely upon subjective sensation, does not possess the strength to wed itself to a purely objective conception of the matter given it, and declines into coldness and outward painting. The discordance

* From the *Deutsche Musik Zeitung*.

between the great historical figures of the Bible and our modern sentimentality is generally very great in modern oratorio. The purely historical character of the oratorio is entirely misunderstood—it was so even by Mendelssohn, who introduced into his oratorios the lyrical church elements, namely, the choral, certainly with Bach's *Passions* must as a model, but without perceiving that the latter was a series of special works for divine service, while oratorio is only more distantly related to the purely church view of things, or even has nothing at all to do with it. Mendelssohn wanted to invest oratorio with an additional religious significance, which was quite as foreign to him personally as to the whole polite world in which he lived.

Handel was born to create and carry out Oratorio. It is a sufficient proof of the greatness and importance of this highest form of musical art, that a man of such a mind as Handel had to live a long life of active employment in every way, in order, in his greatest strength and maturity, to complete, in his greatest works, that form in which the passing of idea into reality could be effected in a manner most appropriate to music, namely, the oratorio, in which the feelings enter with the epic view of matters into a compact for the purpose of representing a real action and definite characters, that it to say, in which the feelings become objective, while the action does not step forth outwardly into life, but remains ideal, so that there is nothing to disturb the music, as is not unfrequently the case with visible action.

(To be continued.)

Advertisements.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

(REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.)

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE FOURTEENTH CONCERT OF THE THIRD SEASON

(55TH CONCERT IN ST. JAMES'S HALL)

WILL TAKE PLACE

ON MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, 1861,

The Programme, Vocal and Instrumental, selected from the Works of

BEETHOVEN.

(By particular desire).

First Performance of the TRIO in G (Op. 9).

Second Performance of the GRAND SONATA in C MINOR (Op. 111).

Vocalist:—MR. SIMS REEVES.

Pianist:—MISS ARABELLA GODDARD.

Eighth Appearance of M. VIEUXTEMPS.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in E minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (Op. 59—No. 2 of the set dedicated to Razoumowski) MM. VIEUXTEMPS, RIES, SCHREURS, and PIATTI—Beethoven; Cavatina, "Adelaide" (second time at the Monday Popular Concerts), MR. SIMS REEVES—Beethoven; Grand sonata, in C minor, Op. 111, for Piano, forte alone, Beethoven's last sonata (second time at the Monday Popular Concerts) MISS ARABELLA GODDARD—Beethoven.

PART II.—Trio, in G major, for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), M. VIEUXTEMPS, M. SCHREURS, and Signor PIATTI—Beethoven; Song, "The stolen kiss," MR. SIMS REEVES—Beethoven; Grand sonata, in A major (Op. 47), for Pianoforte and Violin, dedicated to Kreutzer, MISS ARABELLA GODDARD and M. VIEUXTEMPS—Beethoven.

Conductor.—MR. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; unreserved seats, 1s.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; Messrs. Cramer and Co.; Hammond, Addison and Co.; Schott and Co.; Ewer and Co.; Simpson and Oetzmann and Co., Regent Street; Bradberry's London Crystal Palace, Oxford Street; Duff and Co., 65 Oxford Street; Prowse, Hanway Street; J. H. Jewell, 104, Great Russell Street; Childley, 195 High Holborn, Purday, 50 St. Paul's Church Yard; Keith, Frowie and Co., 48 Cheapside; Turner, 19 Cornhill; Cook and Co., 6 Finsbury Place, South; Humphreys, 4 Old Church Street, Paddington Green; Fabian, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; Hansford and Son, 2 Princes Street, Cavendish Square; Ivory, 275 Euston Road; Mitchell, Leader & Co., Olivier, Campbell, Hopwood and Crews; and Willis, Bond Street;

Notice.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole can do so without interruption.

And Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Production of the **AMBER WITCH.**—THIS EVENING will be performed, for the second time, with new scenery, dresses, decorations, and appointments (having been many months in preparation), a new grand romantic opera, in four acts, entitled **THE AMBER WITCH.** The music composed expressly for this theatre by W. V. WALLACE. Written by HENRY F. CHORLEY. Rudiger (the young Lord of Ravenstein), MR. SIMS REEVES; The Commandant, MR. SARTLEY; The Pastor, MR. PATRY; Claus, MR. TERROTT; The King, MR. BARTLEMAN; Elsie, MISS HUDDART; and Mary, MADAME L. SHERRINGTON. Early application, to prevent disappointment, should be made at the box office of the theatre, which is open daily from 10 to 6. Doors open at half-past 7; performance commences at 8 o'clock each evening. During Lent there will be No Performance on Wednesday and Friday Evening.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Lessee, Mr. E.

T. SMITH.—Return of the celebrated Comedians, Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES MATHEWS.—Last Night of the most successful Pantomime of the season.—For the convenience of parties residing at a distance the Pantomime will be played first.—THIS EVENING, the grand comic Pantomime of **PETER WILKINS.** Scenery by Beverley. To conclude with **THE GAME OF SPECULATION**, in which MR. CHARLES MATHEWS will appear.

Reduced prices:—Upper gallery, 6d.; lower gallery, 1s.; pit, 2s.; upper boxes, 2s.; first circle, 2s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s.; stalls, 5s.; private boxes, 10s. 6d., one guinea and two guineas. Doors open at half-past 6; to commence at 7. Box-office open daily from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. C. Nugent.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of the **THE MUSICAL WORLD** is established at the Magazine of **MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor).** Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of **MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.** A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861.

THE Directors of the Philharmonic Society have now a good chance of showing of what stuff they are made. Nothing but downright earnestness, vigour, and zealous perseverance, can carry them through the season in triumph. We feel satisfied, however, that no amount of energy and pains will be spared, and that A.D. 1862, the Jubilee of the Institution, will be a Jubilee in more respects than one. Last week we presented our readers with a list of the new orchestra, under favour of a frequent and valued contributor. Since then, from the same source, we have obtained a list of the subscribers for 1861. We are not going to print that, but may inform those who wish well to the old Philharmonic Society, that it is as large and influential as any we remember—little short of 400; indeed, a substantial foundation to work upon. Messrs. Anderson, Balsir Chat-terton, Jewson, M'Murdie (Mus. Bac.), John Thomas, Turler, and Marmaduke Wilson (C) must do the rest, by making their programmes so varied and attractive as to wring from the public generally that liberal patronage which has hitherto for the most part been confined to Queen's visits, or extraordinary "apparitions," in the shape of distinguished "virtuosi" from across the main.

If we may hazard a recommendation to the Philharmonic Society in this emergency, it will be to run no risks. Theirs is a conservative institution; and it is good policy to adhere to those conservative principles upon which, allowing for inevitable "ups and downs," they have so well prospered

now for five decades. Better give irreproachable performances of acknowledged masterpieces than questionable performances of works upon which the verdict of time has yet to be pronounced. The music of the great masters should be the chief, if not exclusive, feature of the programmes, and the most renowned artists, vocal and instrumental, whether foreign or native, alone be allowed to exhibit as solo performers. The selection for the first concert (see our advertising columns) is, on the whole, to the purpose. Mozart's cheerful, pure, and guileless symphony in C (the first) is a happy inauguration. It is like beginning the season with a smile—an emblem, in short, of good days, or rather nights, to come. Let us have Beethoven's too, in C (the first we mean); that will be another smile, or rather chuckle. And then Mozart in D (the first); and then Beethoven in D (the first); and then Mozart, in E (flat); and then Beethoven in E (flat); and then Mozart in —; yet no, Mozart has not written a symphony in F (unless it is one of the small ones—the symphonettes, or symphonies). But enough in respect of symphonies, without mounting the ladder ("scala"), has been suggested. To suggest any more—except that the second parts of the programmes of the eight (mind that, reader, *eight*, not six) concerts might be given up to Mendelssohn, Spohr, and (forget him?—never!—he should have been named first) Haydn—"Papa Haydn"—would be what the free subjects of the constitutional King of Italy, and even the Pope-tied denizens of the "States," not to mention the fortress (distressed) inhabitants of (not quite) crushed Venetia, would term "*sciarpelleria*." And this too with an excellent chance (five to two, at least) of our suggestions being unread or unregarded by the directorate in its wisdom. About overtures, concertos, and so forth, we need say nothing. Weber, from spirit-land, thunders at the door. He gained his first English laurels at the Philharmonic Society's concerts, and has not yet lost a leaf of them. Cherubini approaches with vigorous step; Mendelssohn comes quickly, with a fairy tale; while Sterndale Bennett is at hand, with legends of blithe woods and running waters. (For "about overtures, concertos, and so forth, we need say nothing," by the way, read "about concertos and so forth," &c.) And then—to mention concertos—has not old Dussek, of late, shook (*sic*) off the dust of half a century, and stood forth, genial and vigorous, as of yore? Has not Hummel been gently tended by Arabella Goddard and young Ritter? Is not our Russian Field ("*our* Russian Field"—*sic*) John Field—within easy reach, furnished with concertos like full-grown *notturni*, the movements gliding in and out of each other, as streams that converge and separate? Will not — (For "about concertos and so forth," by the way, read "about and so forth, &c.")

But why proceed? We leave the rest (the "*scagliaccio*")—in its purest interpretation) to our Philharmonic King David, our worthy Balsir—J. (John?) Balsir, who knows what harpers, or harpists, to engage, and if he did not, could inquire of John Thomas; to W. Tule of Westminster, who will have an eye to the organ; to Frederick Bowen, President of the Board of Pianos; to M'Murdie, well versed in rounds and glees; to Marmaduke (Wilson), who must not be confounded with his namesake Haydn (Wilson); to Pope Anderson, who directs everything, issues bulls, and excommunicates; and to Director-Professor (Camb.) Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc., who wields the conductor's stick—the Hercules who has borne the Philharmonic globe upon his shoulders, since Garagantua-Antæus-Michael cast it off and "Richard" intervened and fled. These men know what

to be about, and will set about it expeditiously; they are men of parts, and will act discreetly; men of resolution and will "*never say die*."

So health and long life to "Old Double," and an appropriate pre-jubilee for the Philharmonic Concerts.

P . . . P . . E.

THE veracious and never quite uninformed Mr. PUNCH in announcing the death of Scribe, says, "the English dramatists are doing as well as can be expected." No doubt his loss will be felt severely by our concoctors of plays, but France can still boast of many writers from the fertility and ingenuity of whose brains our national authors may hope to thrive, and win repute. There are tailors who can alter coats and make them look as good as new, and are yet incapable of cutting and converting the original cloth to any good purpose. Their attempts would invariably result in misfits. Our dramatists are admirable "repairers," but very indifferent "makers." Give them the garment already shapen and stitched, and they exhibit remarkable tact in unsewing, adapting, changing, and fitting to any form. Our librettists, feeble than our playwrights, have not the same skill in alteration; but then the difficulty of fitting words to music must be taken into account.

Scribe was undoubtedly the most accomplished writer for the lyric stage that France, or perhaps any other country, has produced. His plots, even the best and apparently the most finished, will not bear close inspection. Like Turner's pictures, on too approximate an examination, they appear crude, rugged, without meaning. But draw back, and contemplate them with less anxious polyscopy, and how they resolve themselves into life and purpose! How they glow, start from the canvas, and enchain attention! The *Huguenots*—one of the grandest and most striking of all the great pictures in the Scribe gallery—furnishes a good example. Examine the groundwork closely. How strange, forced, and unnatural! Let us consider a part—the third act. A lady goes to be married in a cathedral near the Pré aux Clercs. She is left in the church after the ceremony is performed; remains alone there all the day and part of the night; is witness to an encounter at midnight between the Catholic and Huguenot parties, which is only ended by the Queen appearing on horseback; and she herself is at last sought by her spouse, who comes for her in a Lord Mayor's barge, with a brass band and a troop of dancing girls. This is no exaggeration. The whole scene represented thus may be pronounced nonsense. And who can contradict it? It is as foreign to reality, as improbable as a fairy tale. But a fairy tale may interest and fascinate by its verisimilitude, without there existing an atom of truth in its composition. Granted the supernatural power of the fairy, and the conversion of the pumpkin into a coach and mice into liveried servants, and *Cinderella* becomes consistent, and is looked upon as no imposition. Nothing can be more improbable than a young lady in a convent, on the eve of becoming an abbess, stealing away at night, appearing at a masked ball, and accepting the addresses of a lover. The thing is just as much opposed to truth as *Cinderella's* glass slipper, or *Fortunatus's* purse. But in every one of Scribe's pieces he depends for a certain amount of faith upon his audience; and this faith conceded, what a power he wields! He is a very magician, at the motion of whose wand everything striking and natural is brought vividly into play. He is always new yet always true. Incidents the most trivial and common, by a touch of his genius, are transformed into what is novel and beautiful. There is always some delicate

trait displayed in his characters, some unexpected turn given to his situations which betokens the peculiar bent of his mind, and which may be said to have forced on modern writers a style, and to have helped to found a school. Surprise, indeed, is one of the main artifices of modern French writers, and was a special excellence of Scribe himself. When our own writers attempt anything strange they are but too likely to degenerate into caricature or burlesque.

While in every other branch of literature England is at least the equal of France; in the drama alone she pales before her. We have now no Congreves, no Sheridans, and no Goldsmiths; neither have the French Molières or Beaumarchais; but our neighbours, whether in writing for the stage proper or the stage operatic, are considerably our superiors at the present time. We have our old dramatists, and may boast of them; but where are our new ones? An English author never yet wrote a moderately good book for an opera—to a certain extent we may except Mr. Planché's *Oberon* and Mr. Oxenford's *Robin Hood*—and there appears no likelihood of our improving in that respect. Perhaps one cause may be attributed to the fact that composers are indifferent to the poetic merits of a work; perhaps another, that publishers undervalue the value of good verses. Let us hope, now that there is such a capital opening for our native musicians, that a little more attention will be paid to the merits of the words in future. When an architect builds a house, his first consideration is for the strength and solidity of the ground-work. When a composer plans an opera he should look to the consistence, fitness, and durability of the poem which is his foundation. It is not difficult to form an opinion of what kind of poetry is suited for music. Plain sense, simplicity, and perspicuity, in the first instance. If he can obtain these, he may run the chance of finding the loftier elements of style and expression. R.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The repetition of the *Creation* attracted an audience little less numerous than that of the previous performance. As Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss again sustained the principal solo parts, we have little or nothing to add to our former notice beyond recording the fact of an equal success, hearty applause frequently rewarding the favourite singers; "With verdure clad" (Mad. Sherrington), "In native worth" (Mr. Sims Reeves), and "Rolling in foaming billows" (Mr. Weiss), especially eliciting approbation. Mr. Montem Smith sang the tenor music in the third part and rendered efficient service in the concerted pieces. The band and chorus would be literally all that could be desired but for a tendency to loudness in the brass, of which we have previously complained. Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is announced for March 8th, but the principal singers are not yet named.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr. Henry Leslie's cantata, *Holyrood*, produced with so much success at St. James's Hall three weeks ago, was performed on Saturday at the tenth winter concert, the choir over which the composer presides forming the chorus, and the band being, of course, that of the Crystal Palace Company. The direction was in the hands of Mr. Leslie, and the execution was, for the most part, excellent. Miss Banks, *vice* Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington, sang the music of Mary Queen of Scots, with much intelligence, and her air in reply to Rizzio's "Colla Stagion" was brilliantly executed. Miss Palmer, as Mary Beatoun, sang better than on the former occasion, and the music seemed to us more grateful in consequence. Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang the Italian romance just mentioned, and Mr. Weiss delivered the prophecies of John Knox with great power and emphasis. The cantata was, on the whole, received with applause, but the final portion commanded the most attention, and produced the greatest effect. The brief introduction was beautifully played by the band, and the accompaniments were well executed throughout, considering

the slight preparation that could have taken place, and that in all probability the parts are yet in MS. We hear that *Holyrood* will shortly be performed again at the Crystal Palace. The weather could hardly have been worse, and yet the attendance was by no means inconsiderable.

The cantata was preceded by half a dozen miscellaneous pieces. Winter's overture to *Tamerlane*, played for the first time at these concerts, Moore's "Believe me," sung by Mr. Wilbye Cooper. "Tell me my heart," by Miss Banks (encored); "Madamina," by Mr. Weiss; and the contralto scena from *Undine*, sung by Miss Palmer a great deal more slowly than Mr. Benedict would have allowed had the *baton* been in his hands. After the concert there was a performance by small boys in the nave. These juveniles occasionally promenaded with the visitors, and anon planted themselves at the side of the avenues, shouting out in the discordant tone peculiar to peripatetic vendors of newspapers. "Crystal Palace News, one penny!" This Crystal Palace nuisance must be at once abolished.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

From a Correspondent.—The Mendelssohn Quintet Club at Boston which, in one of your papers, you justly remark, seldom or never introduces a quintet of Mendelssohn into one of its concerts—recently commenced a series of "Saturday Evening Concerts" of a popular character, an act for which it has been rated soundly by some ultra classicists, who never considered that there were two classes of the musical community to be conciliated. In my opinion the "Club"—which has never deserted, and never intends to desert its colours—has gone the right way to instruct those who want instruction; and the fusion of "classical" with "popular" works—the principle on which it started—is, I think, the best way to make good music known and appreciated. When I see such names as those of Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, &c., in the programme, I cannot decry the "Saturday Concerts," although the lighter elements of music, in the shape of ballad, dance, and fantasy may predominate. In *Dwight's Journal*, of the 9th of February, the reporter on these concerts indulges in some sensible observations as to the notions about "classical" and "popular" music, which, as I do not fancy they would be out of place in the *MUSICAL WORLD*, I send you for insertion.

"There is a large class of persons, who, either from a natural defect, or want of practice in listening to the *best*, or from a habit of listening to bad music, are unable to find enjoyment in what some people sneeringly term "classical" or "scientific" music. We almost wish those terms had never been employed. They are so often used as an excuse for disliking good music, that it would have been better had such people been left in ignorance of the distinction between compositions conveyed in those words. There are naturally those who find anything tedious that is written by Bach or Handel; musical critics (save the mark!) who find the *Messiah* antiquated, who call the Oratorio by Schubert "broken crockery music," going into ecstasies over the *Haymakers* and *La Traviata*. Now such people are to be pitied; for surely they would wish to admire the best, if only they could. And from their individual point of view they admire the best, in *La Traviata* or the *Haymakers*. There are such people in literature and every art. What would the *New York Ledger*, to name the prominent representative of a large class of papers, do without patrons in literature? How would the daubers, who make those pictures that we receive periodically by the ship load from across the Atlantic, be able to earn a living, if it were not for just such persons, who admire the fearful specimens of the art of "the first European artists," as the advertisements of the auctioneer invariably read? We cannot expect that every one should stay away from the theatre, when "sensation pieces" are on the stage for weeks in succession. We cannot expect people suddenly to fall in love with Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, and Chaucer, and leave off reading stories "that are not continued." In short, we cannot expect people as a mass to like what is best, to have a tendency for the ideal. The mass of people, on the contrary, have a tendency to what is mediocre or common place, and so we have flourishing "opera houses," nightly thronged by "appreciative audiences," places that derive a principal attraction from the fact that the natural colour of the face and hands is changed to a more sable hue. And therefore we have no orchestral concerts, no "Philharmonic Society" this winter, because there is not interest enough in the mass of the people to pay two

and a half dollars for six concerts. There is demand for music of a low, or at least common place, character, and therefore that demand must be satisfied. And it will be satisfied. But this is a fact so well understood that it were hardly worth the ink shed in writing these paragraphs if there were not people who conceive it to be their especial duty to put in a plea for such music. It is scarcely a twelvemonth since a musical paper, not far from the town where we are writing, was inaugurated by a leader setting forth, that the concerts in Boston had been of too elevated a character; that they needed to be popularised; the public desired another class of music; and that therefore the programmes in future ought to be of a mixed character, so as to attract large (mixed?) audiences. This reminds me of the preface of an instruction book, in which the author alleges that the majority of persons that learn music do not desire or comprehend good music, and that, in view of this fact (undeniable, to be sure), pleasing music ought to be put in instruction books. Which the good man did, and thus supplied the "long-felt want." There is no danger, therefore, of that want for music of a lighter character ("Dixie," &c. &c.) being unsupplied. It is taken care of in the places proper for it. But where it ought not to be supplied, is just in the Music Hall or any other place where good concerts are given. We know there is music of a lighter kind, which is not as bad as Dixie; quite good, in fact, of its kind, such as good waltzes, and polkas, and other dances, a number of operatic songs, without much lasting value, but as useful as candy or checkerberry lozenges. That too is furnished generally in its proper place by bands, in afternoon concerts, &c. We have not the least objection to its being performed at its proper time and place. But to advocate the introduction of lighter music in "Philharmonic concerts" proves the incapacity of such persons or papers to take an intelligent part in the discussion of musical matters. The mass of the people remain children, intellectually and morally and therefore they ought to be treated as such. Generally speaking, we have the idea that in the case of children a progressive course of instruction is best, proceeding from the rudiments up to the higher branches. Well then, if the public be like children, let them be musically instructed, proceeding from the A B C among musical compositions to the nobler effusions of the human heart, from simplest national air, or waltz, and polka, up to 'classical or scientific' music."

That the Mendelssohn Quintet Club do not contemplate giving up their regular concerts any more than they do playing Mendelssohn's quintets, I need hardly say. At the next concert they have announced, for the first time in Boston, Dussek's Quintet in F minor, for pianoforte and strings, and Beethoven's Grand Quartet in E flat, Op. 127.

Mr. J. C. D. Packer, a resident pianist, gave recently one of the most interesting performances of chamber music I have heard for a long while. The programme will satisfy you:—

Quartet	Haydn.
Variations Concertantes, for piano and violoncello	Mendelssohn.
Ario . . . "Quando Mero"	Mozart.
Sonata . . . for pianoforte, Op. 7	Beethoven.
Grand Duo, for two pianos, "Hommage à Handel"	Moscheles.
Songs . . . "Sun of the Sleepless"	Mendelssohn.
"Love's Messenger"	Fesca.
Presto Scherzando } for piano.	Mendelssohn.
Valse, Op. 18	Chopin.
Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	Schubert.

Mlle. Patti, of whom your readers have heard, and who has been compared to Mlle. Piccolomini, sang at one of the Saturday Concerts, and, being a great favourite, attracted a large audience. Herr Stigelli, not unremembered, I dare to say, by the subscribers to the Royal Italian Opera in London, sang with her, and Mr. Eichberg (violinist), and M. S. B. Mills (pianist), played. The Handel and Haydn Society have engaged both singers for their next concert, when selections from the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, *Solomon*, *St. Paul*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be given.

But Boston must not arrogate to herself all the merit of giving choice concerts, and making out irreproachable bills of entertainment. I send you the programmes of two concerts lately given, one at St. Louis, the other at Cincinnati, at which removed places you would scarcely accredit that "classicism" was endeavouring to reign and rule. The concert at the former place was given by Mlle. Fabbri, in conjunction with Signor Abelli, the baritone, and Herr Müller, the pianist. The following was the programme:—

Overture, "Le Nozze di Figaro"	Mozart.
Chorus, "Arise up, arise," and chorale, "Sleepers, awake,"	St. Paul.
	Mendelssohn.

Bravura Song, "Happy birdling"	W. V. Wallace.
Piano Solo, "Concert Stück"	Weber.
Duet, "La Favorita"	Donizetti.
Overture, "Fingal's Cave"	Mendelssohn.
Chorus, "Happy and blessed are they" (<i>St. Paul</i>)	Mendelssohn.
Violin Solo, "Le petit tambour"	David.
Scherzo from Symphony No. 7	Beethoven.
Solo and chorus, "Conjuration Scene" (<i>Les Huguenots</i>)	Meyerbeer.

The concert at Cincinnati was the third of the St. Cecilia Society. The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Vintager's Chorus, from the <i>Seasons</i>	Haydn
Duo for violin and pianoforte	Heller and Ernst
Aria from <i>The Marriage of Figaro</i>	Mozart
Adagio and finale from Sonata F minor	Beethoven
a. "Passage birds, farewell"	} for soprano and alto, Mendelssohn
b. "Flowing and ebbing"	
Scene from <i>Tannhäuser</i>	Wagner

PART II.

Hunting Chorus from the <i>Seasons</i>	Haydn
Concert Song	Eckert
Concerto for violin	De Beriot
Three Songs	Rob. Franz
a. "Love in Spring."	
b. "Autumn sorrow."	
c. "He has come in rain and storm."	
Finale from <i>Lorela</i>	Mendelssohn

I have nothing to tell you about operatic music. Indeed there is an unusual dearth of even reputable singers in America, and unless you send us a few syrens to warble Italian or English music, we shall have to close our lyric theatres altogether.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Mr. Ramsden is giving his new musical entertainment on the Old English Songs and Ballads at this popular institution to large and enthusiastic audiences. The illustrations are selected from Mr. W. Chappell's work, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and consist of compositions full of melody, and in some cases of much vigour and spirit, all of which are rendered with excellent effect. Mr. Ramsden's voice is of limited range, and is not remarkable for force, but it is eminently sympathetic and flexible, and gives expression to every variety of emotion with artistic fidelity. The songs and ballads are strung together by remarks critical and historical, still from Mr. Chappell's work, delivered with so much fluency and neatness that their brevity is almost a matter for regret, agreeably diversifying as they do the character of the entertainment. The songs most admired in the present selection appear to be the lute song, "Since first I saw your face" (Ford, 1607), ballad, "The bailiff's daughter of Islington" (traditional), old sea song, "The Mermaid" (date unknown), ballad, "Once I loved a maiden fair" (1620), humorous ditty, "Oh! for a husband" (*circum.* 1610), ballad, "The Carman's whistle" (16th century), and "Sally in our alley" (1630). Mr. Ramsden's entertainment has proved one of the most interesting and novel ever given at the Polytechnic Institution.

A "GYEFUL" EVENT.—The *Court Journal* states that Mr. Gye has succeeded in engaging Jenny Lind for the Royal Italian Opera next season. We trust that this Swedish "turnup" will prove a first prize for the operatic Frederick the Great, and that the engagement will be a triumph for both parties. May the Nightingale with her "sounds so gyeeful," enable Covent Garden to profit by the loss of Grisi and Mario—the "Diva" returning to Her Majesty's Theatre to take a *bona fide* farewell, on the strength of the sentiment "On revient toujours à ses premiers amours."—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

THE POLYHYMNIAN CHOIR.—At the last General Meeting of the Polyhymnian Choir it was determined to elect Dr. James Pech as their conductor, to appoint a season for giving a series of concerts, and for commencing weekly rehearsals.

DEATH OF VELLUTI.—The once celebrated singer, Velluti, for whom Rossini composed his *Aureliano in Palmira*, and Meyerbeer the *Crociate in Egitto*, died a few days ago at his villa near Padua, at the age of eighty. Velluti, in his earlier years, was one of the principal ornaments of the Sistine chapel at Rome.

The Operas.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—After various delays Mr. Wallace's *Amber Witch* was produced on Thursday night, and achieved a success which was all along anticipated, and which, therefore, was no matter of surprise to any body. To this success every department of the establishment contributed more or less. The principal singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Fanny Huddart, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, Patey, Terrot, and Bartleman. The band, reinforced for the occasion, was directed by Mr. Charles Hallé. The scenery and dresses were rich and new, and the scenery, by W. Beverley, highly effective and striking. At present we cannot do more than give a few particulars of the performance, which was universally pronounced one of the most complete and satisfactory which has taken place at Her Majesty's Theatre for a very long while. All the principal singers were called for at the end of the first act, and then a loud cry was raised for Mr. Wallace, who was received on his appearance with the most enthusiastic cheers. At the end of the second act, in addition to the artists and composer, Mr. Smith was summoned forth, and was welcomed with thunders of applause. At the end of the third act the same recalls took place, and again at the end of the fourth act, when the excitement was wound up by a call for Mr. Hallé, who was bound to appear, and shared in the general approbation.

We are inclined to think the *Amber Witch* is Mr. Wallace's best work. To make assurance doubly sure, however, we shall defer our judgment until we hear the opera again. Meanwhile we can only say that the greatest credit is due to the all the principals, who exerted themselves to the very utmost; that Mad. Sherrington and Mr. Sims Reeves both created a powerful impression; that Mr. Santley never was heard to greater advantage; that the other artists came off with flying colours; and that there was not a single hitch in the performance from beginning to end.

The *Amber Witch* will be repeated to-night, and three times during the week, until further notice.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The performance of the *Domino Noir* was on Tuesday night honoured by the presence of her Majesty, the Prince Consort, her Royal Highness the Princess Alice, and her Royal Highness the Princess Helena. The Hon. Flora MacDonald, Lord Cremorne, Lord Alfred Paget, and Colonel D. de Ros, were in attendance.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The principal novelty, and unquestionably the great attraction of the fifty-fourth concert was Spohr's double quartet in D minor, presented for the first time. The double quartet in E minor was twice given in 1859, and the verdict of the public upon each occasion being unanimously in its favour, it was wisely judged that a similar composition from the same pen would be no less acceptable. A modern critic, in a work published some half dozen years since ("Modern German Music"), recorded his opinion that Spohr's music was characterised by "a general air of swooning, over-luxurious, elaborate grace, which conceals its poverty in significance and variety so well and so long, that few indeed are capable of discovering it." Moreover, we learn that his (Spohr's, not the critic's) "first thoughts are apt to be threadbare;" that his "chamber music is a failure;" that he "neither fascinates nor excites, but falls flat and dull;" he is "vapid and tedious;" his "melodies poor and borrowed, his science conventional," and much more of the same sort. True it is that musicians are not altogether agreed as to the position that Spohr may ultimately assume. It rarely happens that there is anything like positive unanimity as to the merits of a contemporary, posterity being left (and justly so) to settle the claim and award the particular niche in the temple of Fame; for, after all, time must be the real adjuster of the claims of musicians no less than of painters and poets.

Prior to the institution of the Monday Popular Concerts the profession knew little, and the public less, of the chamber compositions of Spohr, who was only associated in the general mind with oratorios, operas, and symphonies. On May 16th, 1859, the double quartet in E minor (Op. 87, No. 3) was first introduced; the executants being Herren Joachim and Goffrie, Mr. Doyle, Signor

Piatti, Herr Ries, M. Bernard, Herr Schreurs and M. Daubert; and on the same night a sonata for violin and harp, written for Mad. Spohr, an excellent performer on the latter instrument. Since then three quartets have been given—each twice,—a quintet, trio, and other instrumental pieces, to say nothing of several vocal compositions, all of which have been received with decided approbation. The reception of the double quartet in D minor, on Monday last, was such as to leave no doubt as to the opinion of the audience on the subject, and we hope that a repetition of the work will give another opportunity for the public to confirm their judgment. The executants in the first quartet were Messrs. Vieuxtemps, Carrodus, Schreurs, and Signor Piatti, in the second Herr Ries, Messrs. Watson, Webb, and Pague, the ensemble, we need hardly say, in such hands, was literally irreproachable. No less happy was Mozart's quartet in B flat (No. 4, Op. 10), given for the first time. In this the charming adagio was rendered to such perfection as very narrowly to miss an "encore," the exquisite violoncello playing of Signor Piatti contributing in no small degree to the result. There was but one instrumental solo—a Partita—or series of dance pieces (somewhat after the fashion of the *suite de pièces* of which specimens have been presented at these concerts), by John Sebastian Bach, consisting of overture, gavotte, passepied (an old French dance in $\frac{3}{8}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ time), by no means unlike the "Harmonious Blacksmith" of Handel, in a minor key, sarabande, bourrée (lively dance in common time, beginning with an odd crotchet) and echo. To all these movements Mr. Charles Hallé contributed due effect, and although as a piece it is not of that kind we should care to hear frequently repeated, still there is sufficient of interest, if only on account of its remarkable quaintness, to warrant its being introduced as a novelty. Dussek's sonata in B flat for violin and piano-forte, given for the fourth time, bids fair to become as popular as the well known "Kreutzer" of Beethoven, having indeed the same desirable effect on the audience, that of keeping them together until the last note, which the very familiar "Kreutzer" (to be repeated next Monday, by the way) invariably does. That Messrs. Vieuxtemps and Hallé should be perfectly at home in Dussek's sonata was only to be expected; nevertheless the performance would have been brought to a more affective conclusion had the last movement been taken somewhat faster, much of the vigour and brilliancy being lost by retarding the time in the rondo finale. At Exeter Hall and St. Martin's Hall we have frequently had occasion to speak in terms of high praise of Miss Banks and were very glad to find her announced for the Monday Popular Concerts. In Dussek's Canzonet "Name the glad day" and Mendelssohn's song "The Charmer" (first time here), Miss Banks's pure liquid voice and charmingly unaffected manner captivated all hearers, and although the hearty and long continued applause at the end of both might have fairly warranted her accepting what was in each instance a genuine encore, the young lady modestly contented herself by returning to bow her acknowledgments. Mr. Benedict was, as usual the accompanist, and highly distinguished himself in Mendelssohn's song.

STOCKHOLM.—The musical season commenced, as usual, in the beginning of September last. Opera again played the principal part, although up to now nothing especially new has been produced. Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, *Don Juan*, and *Figaro's Hochzeit*; Weber's *Oberon* and *Freischütz*; Flotow's *Stradella* and Verdi's *Trovatore* have been given. The opera which attracted most especially was *Don Juan*, which drew a numerous and educated audience, who were highly pleased with the performance as a whole, as well as with the exertions of the various artists individually. Mad. Michaeli, formerly Mad. Michal*, who was well known in Germany, particularly distinguished himself as Agatha, Donna Anna, Rezia, and the Countess in *Figaro's Hochzeit*. Susanna was sung by Mlle. Gelhaar, and Figaro by Herr Landberg, with a good deal of humour. *Stradella* was played alternately by Herr Richard (who is of German origin) and Herr Arnaldsen, Mad. Michaeli representing Leonora. The opera of *Gustav Wasa*, after the plot of Scribe (and Auber's) *Gustavus III.*, with music by the German composer Naumann, rescored by Franz Lachner, was performed once.

* Who played the Queen in the *Huguenots* at Her Majesty's Theatre in the spring of 1860.

Letter to the Editor.

SACRED MUSIC.

SIR,—It cannot be questioned that one so learned as your editorial self in all that relates to the "divine art," must be acquainted with my fame, as being the first to ascertain the proportions between musical sounds. You will remember (*Macrob. in Somn. Scip. ii. l.*) that my attention was first arrested by this question in a village in the island. Samos, if my memory does not play me false, through listening to the different sounds produced by the hammers of some smiths beating out a bar of iron. I discovered this diversity of sound to be owing to the different weights of the hammers. After having adjusted hammers to express the different notes of music, I next tried to produce the same proportions between the tones of musical strings, by applying weights to stretch them, and succeeded pretty to-lol—to use one of your good old Great-British figures of speech. Ha! ha! I often enjoy a good laugh over those puzzling, but merry times of yore, with my friend PHERCYDES—the dear old soul! But I rest my claim to be heard on matters musical rather on the position I have for ages filled, and still continue with honour to fill here above, than upon what I might advance in connection with myself whilst on *terra firma*, viz., conductor of the music of the spheres: a post conferred upon me by the gods, in consideration of my earthly (but not earthly) discoveries. You, Mr. Editor, well know how I formerly travelled, and taught the higher sciences, in which I gave to music a very prominent position, through Phœnicia, Chaldea, India, and Egypt. Also how I afterwards visited Italy in the days of Tarquin the "Botty," and opened a school at Croto (or Croton, as some denominate it), a city on the Gulf of Tarentum. You also are aware that I obliged my scholars to listen in silence for two—and sometimes five years—before I allowed them to ask me any questions; a plan which if reversed in these days (on earth, of course) would be of infinite benefit to all concerned. I mean, grant your teachers a like period of time for replying to the queries of the taught. Let me here also advise certain divines of your country, who have lately made themselves obnoxious to the clerical powers that be, to take a hint from another method of mine when in the flesh—always to teach *publicly* the vulgar doctrine, and communicate their *real* opinions to a very select few. But this by the way.

I observe my exordium is becoming somewhat lengthy and diffusive, so must make compensation by cutting short the sermon itself. You see, as it is so long since I was personally known below, I deemed it necessary to say a few words relative to my own merits, before venturing to take others to task—always an ungracious though often a necessary one. I was perusing with great zest the MUSICAL WORLD (we all subscribe to it up here), on Sunday last (earthly computation), and was greatly surprised at some remarks made at a meeting held in Edinburgh in connection with the Association for the Revival of Sacred Music in Scotland. "The people don't like organs!!" Then I must say the people don't like *music*—'tis as true as that effect follows cause. Dissolve your association at once, gentlemen, and rush to the ranks of the Quakers—I'm told they are getting thin. Heavens! what would I not have given to have had an organ in my school! or one of Evans's harmoniums! But possibly (and this was my principal reason for troubling you) the Scotch may yet be unaware of the existence of the latter instrument. This, gentlemen of the Association, is no "kist o' whistles," but a veritable sweet-many-tongued syren, who will tempt your bark on to no rock save the one of Ages. Let me, then—the conductor of the music of the spheres—entreat you, with all the fervency native to my character, to come out nationally for a stock of harmoniums, and be no longer scared from all propriety by the bugbears of superstition. Go in, I beseech you, Highlanders and Lowlanders, for music, *genuine* music. Let it no longer be justly but *basely* said (if said at all) that "one man sings what he calls bass, and another another thing which he calls bass!" Engage good masters, purchase good instruments, and determine to be behind no people on earth in celebrating the praises of your Maker in a manner worthy the high and holy object. But I must desist, for we give a grand concert this evening (your computation), in honour of a certain celestial who has written a musical scena describing the varied state of perfection arrived at by the nations of the earth in the cultivation of the "divine art," and I grieve to say I nowhere observe a bar (good in one sense) to Scotland.

I am, Sir, with most profound reverence,

THE SHADE OF PYTHAGORAS.

Borne on an arrow from Cupid's bow, and dropped into a P.O. on the banks of the Orwell.

Provincial.

From the *Birmingham Journal* of February 16th, we extract the following account of a:—

"NEW ORGAN FOR TRINITY CHURCH COVENTRY. — "We understand the vestry of Trinity Church, Coventry, determined to have a magnificent organ built, to take the place of the present one, which is fairly worn out. The order for the instrument has been given to Forster and Andrews of Hull, who have for many years enjoyed a high reputation for building first-class organs. This will have many peculiarities, not the least of which will consist of the instrument being supported on ornamental iron brackets, fixed to the south transept walls. To such of our readers as are interested in organs, we below give its contents:—"

Compass—Great Organ C C to G
Ditto Choir Organ C C to G
Ditto Swell Organ C C to G
Ditto Pedal Organ C C to F

GREAT ORGAN.

	Pipes
1. Bourdon . . wood	12
2. Tenoroon . . metal	44
3. Open Diapason metal	56
4. Horn Diapason metal	56
5. Stopt Diapason metal	56
6. Principal . . metal	56
7. Wald Flute . . wood	44
8. Twelfth . . metal	56
9. Fifteenth . . metal	56
10. Sesquialtera, 4 Ranks	224
11. Mixture, 3 ranks metal	168
12. Posaune . . metal	56
13. Solo Trumpet metal	44
14. Clarion . . . metal	56

SWELL ORGAN.

	Pipes
1. Sub Bass . . wood	12
2. Double Diapason, wood	44
3. Open Diapason metal	56
4. Stopt Diapason wood	56
5. Principal . . metal	56
6. German Gamba, metal	44
7. Fifteenth . . metal	56
8. Piccolo . . wood	56
9. Mixture . . metal	168
10. Contra Fagotta metal	44
11. Cornopoean . metal	56
12. Hautboy . . metal	44
13. Clarion . . metal	56
14. Tremulant	

748

PEDAL ORGAN.

	Pipes
1. Grand Open Diapason	30
2. Bourdon . . wood	30
3. Principal . . metal	30
4. Fifteenth . . metal	33
5. Trombone, wood and	30
6. Pedal Octave, wood and	60
metal	
	210

CHOIR ORGAN.

	Pipes
1. Dulciana, Bass metal	12
2. Dulciana, treble metal	12
3. Viola di Gamba metal	44
4. Stopt Diapason wood	56
5. Gemshorn . . metal	56
6. Flute . . . wood	56
7. Fifteenth . . metal	56
8. Dulciana Mixture	168
9. Cromorne . . metal	37

529

COUPLERS.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Great to Pedals | 4. Swell to Great |
| 2. Choir to Pedals | 5. Swell Octave to Great |
| 3. Swell to Pedals | 6. Swell to Choir |

7 Choir to Great
Six Composition Pedals.

SUMMARY.

Great Organ . . .	14 Register	984 Pipes
Choir Organ . . .	9 Ditto	529 "
Swell Organ . . .	14 Ditto	748 "
Pedal Organ . . .	6 Ditto	210 "
Couplers	7 Ditto	

50 Registers and 2471 Pipes

At the last Monday Evening Concert, at BIRMINGHAM, a "Beethoven night" was given by Mr. Stimpson, who, finding the regular Miscellaneous Concerts of little or no avail, "wisely," as the *Daily Post* remarked, "has recourse to the good offices of one of the great masters of his art, and under the banner of Beethoven, opened a gentle crusade against the insidious spirit of indifference which for some time past had been gradually freezing up the once plenteous streams of patronage." The result was not in all respects commensurate with the occasion. The attendance, however, was nearly double that of the recent Monday nights, and was so far satisfactory. The grand pieces were the Kreutzer

sonata, for pianoforte and violin, and the trio, No. 1, Op. 1, for piano, violin, and violoncello. The performers were, Miss Summerhayes (piano), Miss Rosetta Piercy (violin), and Mr. Harrison (violoncello). Of the performance generally, the *Post* thus speaks:

"We were glad to perceive that the interest excited by the proceedings was not confined to the small section alluded to, but that the great body of the audience appeared both willing and capable to appreciate such lengthy, elevated, and elaborate works as the famous G minor Sonata for piano-forte and violin, and the first trio for piano-forte and strings, in E flat, which experienced so warm a reception at one of the recent Musical Union Concerts. The first mentioned will alone suffice to indicate the character of the entertainment, and the artistic pretensions of the instrumental executants, on whom the onus of the performance devolved. It was, to say the least, a daring feat for two young ladies like Miss Cecilia Summerhayes and Miss Rosetta Piercy (piano-forte and violin), to undertake the execution of a work which has tasked even the matured powers of such artistes as Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Vieuxtemps, and the most we had anticipated was a showy but undignified scramble through the very intricate score, redeemed here and there by the graceful execution of some passage of moderate difficulty. The result, however, was agreeably disappointing. Without pretending to assert that the performance, viewed in any light, was irreproachable, or even that the degree of mechanical proficiency evidenced by the two ladies was always employed to the best advantage, we must allow that a very creditable rendering of a very onerous work rewarded the faith of the sanguine and rebuked the apprehensions of the sceptical. The first movement was taken at excessive speed, or rather acquired in the heat of a performance in which the struggle with mechanical difficulties was easily calculated to divert attention from considerations of time and expression. A little unsteadiness and confusion from a similar cause was even more apparent in the *finale presto*; but the vocal expressiveness which distinguished the *adagio cantabile*, the sportive grace with which the *scherzo e trio* was rendered, and the general attention to light and shade manifested in parts where mechanical considerations might have been deemed paramount and all absorbing, redeemed these accidental defects, and showed that with a few more rehearsals this last addition to our Monday evening repertory will be unexceptionable. The trio, No. 1, Op. 1, which constituted the second great feature of the concert, in which the two young ladies were reinforced by Mr. Harrison, the violoncellist, was even more satisfactory. The tuneful character of the work recommended it more powerfully also to the taste of the assembly, and the applause which greeted its conclusion was as warm and hearty as the most popular ballad could have evoked. The other instrumental performances consisted of the overture to *Prometheus*, and the andante from Beethoven's second Symphony, executed by Mr. Stimpson on the organ.

From the *Bury Free Press*, we learn that the Athenæum Choral Society gave a performance of sacred music at the Lecture Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, on Tuesday evening, the 19th February. The principal vocalists were, Mrs. R. Paget, Mr. R. Paget and Mr. Prattle. The programme included Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, and selections from Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* and Mr. Costa's *Eli*. Mr. and Mrs. Paget were both loudly applauded in their various pieces, the lady obtaining an enthusiastic encore in the "Evening Prayer" from *Eli*. The performance reflected great credit on Mr. Nunn, the conductor of the society.

The *Leeds Mercury*, in noticing the opening of a new organ for Trinity Church at Knaresborough, remarks:—

"It is scarcely twelve months since the desirability of procuring an organ for this church was discussed at a meeting held in the vestry, the harmonium used not being considered sufficient in power either to direct or sustain the voices of the congregation. Although a comparatively large sum was required, an appeal for aid was liberally responded to not only by those who attend the church, but by many who are not in the habit of doing so. The principal contributors were the Rev. T. Collins, 25*l*.; Sir C. Slingsby, Bart., 25*l*.; B. T. Woodd, Esq., M.P., 20*l*.; and Mr. Gell, 10*l*. Altogether upwards of 200*l*. were subscribed. In furtherance of the movement, the co-operation of a number of ladies was secured, and a bazaar was held in September last which proved successful. The building of the organ was entrusted to Messrs. Foster and Andrews, of Hull. Tuesday last was fixed for its opening, and the organist engaged for the occasion was Mr. J. Dent Davidson, of Leeds. The choral part of the service consisted of *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, Birch, in G; and Anthem, "In Jewry" (W. Clarke), and hymns (Litchfield, Cassell, the Old Hundredth); Ebdon's *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in C;

anthem, "I will lift up mine eyes;" and hymns (Darwell and Ely). Two excellent sermons were preached by the Rev. J. Palmes, vicar of Weeton. The collections amounted to 15*l*. 11*s*. The entire cost of the organ (310*l*.) is defrayed. The organ comprises two full sets of keys and a pedal-board of twenty-nine notes."

The same journal supplies a list of the stops and the number of pipes belonging to each organ:—

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN.	
	Pipes		Pipes
1. Open Diapason . . .	56	1. Double Diapason . . .	56
2. Horn Diapason . . .	44	2. Open Diapason . . .	56
3. Stopt Diapason Bass . .	12	3. Stopt Diapason . . .	56
4. Claribel	44	4. Principal	56
5. Dulciana	44	5. Fifteenth	56
6. Flute	44	6. Cornopean	56
7. Principal	56	7. Oboe	44
8. Twelfth	56		
9. Fifteenth	56		380
10. Spare slide.			
11. Spare slide.			
	412		
PEDAL ORGAN.		COUPLERS.	
1. Violin, 16 feet open . .	29	1. Swell to great.	
		2. Great to pedals.	
		3. Swell to pedals.	

The wish of the subscribers was to have an instrument possessing a variety of pleasing effects rather than immense power. Mr. Davidson (who was for a long period pupil of Mr. Charles Hallé) did full justice to the organ and choir, by his judicious selection of voluntaries exhibiting the fine solo stops as well as the richness of the full organ. The diapasons were massive and full, the claribel and stopt flute especially clear (Rink's "Flute Concerto" being selected to display their capabilities.) The oboe is a fine mellow-toned stop, and the full organ, coupled, gave so large a body of tone as to cause the loss of a sesquialtra and trumpet (for which the great organ is prepared) scarcely to be regretted.

The re-opening of the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute at HALIFAX appears to have been an interesting "solemnity." The *Halifax Courier* devotes half a column to a description of the building, from which we can only afford to quote the following:—

"Last night, this Hall was re-opened, after having been closed a few weeks, the interior in the mean time having been thoroughly renovated and greatly beautified. It is now decidedly a handsome room, unquestionably the finest public room in the town. The painting and colouring throughout are magnificent. A new gallery, capable of accommodating about two hundred and thirty persons, has been erected by Mr. Poulman, from plans by Mr. Rich. Horsfall, architect. The whole alterations have been carried out under the supervision of a committee, composed of Messrs. J. Stansfeld, S. Wainhouse, Henry Foster, and A. C. Foster, members of the Board of Directors. The total cost has been about 310*l*., towards which sum 250*l*. has already been promised."

[The concert by which the important event was inaugurated would seem to have afforded universal satisfaction. The following description of the performance is amputated from the body of our contemporary's article, and we are glad to hear that since the opening contemporary is doing well:—

"It was decided—and very wisely as we think—to re-open the Hall with a grand concert, which accordingly took place last night. In spite of the exceedingly unfavourable character of the weather, which, no doubt, kept large numbers away, the room was filled in the gallery and back seats, the only deficiency, and that but a slight one, being in the front seats. The effect of the new decorations was really magnificent, and—what is even more important—we are glad to say that the acoustic deficiencies formerly apparent in the room have been completely removed. One of the artists engaged was Mad. Catherine Hayes, and she pronounces it an easy room to sing in, while we ourselves can testify that the very faintest tone can be excellently heard therein. In addition to Mad. C. Hayes, there were Miss Lascelles, the celebrated contralto, who is well remembered in Halifax—Mr. Tennant, a capital tenor with a fine voice—Signor Burdini, a good baritone—the members of the Halifax Glee and Madrigal Society also giving their valuable services. The instrumentalists were the eminent violinist Herr Becker, and Mr. F. Berger the pianist, the conductor being Mr. R. S. Burton. From first to last the performance was a complete success. The encores were frequent, and they would have been almost continuous had not some check

been interposed in the first part; but in the second part the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds, and the encores had to be given as demanded. Perhaps Mad. Hayes and Herr Becker were the most severely tried in this respect, the ballad singing of the lady, and the marvellous violin playing of the gentleman evidently creating a sensation. Miss Lascelles, Mr. Tennant, and Signor Burdini were likewise loudly applauded and encored—both of which they well merited, while the members of the Glee and Madrigal Society found favour not only with those who are accustomed to their performances, but with those who, like Mad. Hayes, heard them last night for the first time. On all hands were heard remarks on the excellence of the performance, as well as on the beauty of the room, and perhaps we cannot better describe both than by saying that they were worthy of each other."

A concert of some pretensions was given at the Town Hall, DONCASTER, on Thursday evening, the 21st ult., by Mr. W. Booth, the pianist and conductor of the Harmonic Society. The special features of the programme were the grand trio in C minor of Beethoven, and the grand trio of Mendelssohn in the same key. Mr. Booth had for his coadjutors Mr. Hes (fiddle), and Mr. Wilson (violinello). Some choruses were sung very effectively by the members of the Harmonic Society.

A correspondent from Ipswich informs us that the fourth monthly series of Wednesday and Saturday Popular Concerts was brought to a close on Saturday last. So great has been the demand for admission, that on several occasions hundreds have not been able to procure standing room. Never was want more palpable than at a Music Hall in this town. The only place sufficiently large is the Corn Exchange, which was built for an opposite purpose than that of conveying sound. To give an idea of the place it is only necessary to state that sundry popular singers have publicly asserted that it was the "very worst" place they ever sung in. The Mechanics' Lecture-hall is well adapted for the conveyance of musical sounds, but it is not sufficiently large. The question of a Music Hall is continually being raised, and its want continually being felt. Sites are pointed out that could be made available, but no one with sufficient influence seems to take the initiative in the matter. The programmes for the month have consisted of glees, part songs, ballads, and selections from popular operas. The instrumental has comprised dance music, operatic selections, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and the overtures to *Don Pasquale*, *Der Freischütz*, *Men of Prometheus*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Zampa*, &c. On the evening of Ash-Wednesday there was an extraordinary rush to hear the *Creation*, which was most satisfactorily performed. Mr. W. Norman conducted, and Mr. J. Stidolph presided at one of the new patent *Minima* organs of the Messrs. Stidolphs of Ipswich. The leading vocalists were Miss Matt, Miss Bacon, Mr. Matt and Mr. Hayward. The People's Concerts, which are unwisely continued on the same evenings as the Popular Concerts, are carried on under the conductorship of Mr. Charles Gunning. They are kept up by public subscription, resulting from the present playing at soldiers' mania. The committee to "increase their popularity," not satisfied, it is presumed, with their other arrangements, advertised Mr. and Miss Bowmer from the London Concerts to give a selection of *vocal* music for a number of nights; but through some cause which has not transpired their appearance was limited to one evening. [Who are the Misses Bowmer?—ED.]

The *Evening Mail* renders a glowing account of the extra concert given by the Ancient Concert Society at the Rotunda, DUBLIN, which includes Mad. Catharine Hayes and party, in addition to a section of the Society's Choir. Of course Mad. Hayes was the principal attraction, and of course the programme was made to exhibit her talents in the most varied light. Of the whole performance we extract the following notice from our contemporary just named:—

Madame Hayes, in the scena from *Der Freischütz*, "Before my eyes beheld him," manifested those qualities which have so long endeared her to so many publics, and left her without an equal as a songstress amongst her own countrywomen. The recitatives were declaimed with genuine dramatic fervour, and the aria "Softly sighs," rendered with a pathos quite entrancing. She also sang "The Fisher's Bride," and "The Last Rose of Summer," with all that artistic excellence which has so long distinguished her. The latter was unanimously re-demanded. Mr. Tennant gave, with felicity of tone and style, Campana's romance

"Amami," and Blumenthal's ballad, "When we are parted." In the latter he was encored. We do not know a gentleman at present before the public with a fairer career before him than Mr. Tennant, and we trust that his success will incite to still larger exertion. In the duo "Per boschi," with Madame Hayes, and the quartet, "Pour les attraites," he evinced his ability as a concerted singer. Miss Lascelles sang, "Che farà senza," but it was taken too fast, and the effect of this splendid music of Gluck utterly lost. The fair lady made amends in Balfe's "Reaper and the flowers," which she rendered with true feeling. Of Herr Becker's playing of the two movements from Mendelssohn's concert in E minor, we can only say that more finish, delicacy, and truthful intonation, with sufficient execution, is very rarely exhibited. He also played a fantasia on "Hungarian airs," which showed his powers over the instrument in another style, and both equally delighted the audience. Dussek's sonata in B flat was well interpreted by Mr. F. Berger on the pianoforte, and Herr Becker, violin. Mr. F. Berger played "The Harmonious Blacksmith" with such neatness and precision as not to be passed without commendation. Of the part singing by the small and select choir we could not speak too highly. "The Chapel," by Kreutzer, "Slumber, dearest," Mendelssohn, and "The Soldier's love," Kücken, were rendered with such charm of tone and feeling as to be unanimously re-demanded. The concert formed a happy termination to the extraordinary successes of Madame Hayes and her party during the concerts given at the Rotunda in the past week.

PATERSON and SONS' Guinea Edition of the VOCAL MELODIES of SCOTLAND, edited by the late FINLAY DUN and the late JOHN THOMSON, Esq., containing 144 Songs, full sized Music Plates, Four Volumes in One, elegantly Bound and Gilt, 21s.; in rich Fancy Bindings, from 25s. free by post for 2s. extra.

"Among the really cheap musical publications which are now almost continuously issuing from the press, one of the most remarkable is the work now before us.—*Scotsman*.

Paterson and Sons, Musicellers, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

REPEAL of the PAPER DUTY.—The TENTH ANNUAL PUBLIC MEETING of the Association for Promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge will be held at the Whittington Club, Arundel Street, Strand, Wednesday, March 13, 1861. The Meeting will be addressed by ACTON S. AYRTON, M.P.; G. AUGUSTUS SALA; GEORGE THOMPSON; Dr. JOHN WATTS, and ALEXANDER YOUNG, Secretary to the Bicuminized Paper Pipe Company. Doors open at 7, Chair taken at 8. Tickets for the Platform may be had of the Whittington Club, and at the Office of the Association, 162, Strand, W.C.

MESSRS. KLINDWORTH, H. BLAGROVE, and DAUBERT'S Second CONCERT, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday evening next, at half-past 8 o'clock. Mozart's Trio in E. C. A. Franck's Trio in F sharp minor, G. A. Macfarren's Quintet in G minor. Vocalist, Miss Palmer. Programme illustrated by G. A. Macfarren. Tickets at Cramer's, Ewer's, Schott's, Chappell's, and Bell's Warehouses.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM'S CHURCH, Everton, Liverpool.—An Organist, capable of directing a Choir and conducting the Service efficiently, will be REQUIRED about the end of April. An organ of considerable power and variety, containing two complete manuals and twenty-eight stops, is now being built for the church by Mr. Willis of London.—Apply to Mr. F. J. Eaton, Queen's Insurance Buildings, Liverpool.

CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS.—Just published, a new and splendid Library Edition of the whole of Chopin's celebrated Mazurkas, complete in one volume, music size, edited by J. W. DAVISON, with Portrait of Chopin, and Life and Critical Notice by the Editor. Superbly bound, 10s. 6d.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.—New and complete Edition of the Six Books in One Volume. Edited and with a Preface, by J. W. DAVISON, and Portrait by JOHN LYNCH. Splendidly bound in crimson and gold. Price 7s. 6d.

BOOSEY'S FIFTY SHORT VOLUNTARIES for the Harmonium, arranged and selected by RUDOLF NORDMANN, from the works of the greatest masters. Price 3s. 6d. in cloth. Boosey and Sons, Holles Street.

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